

Autumn Sequence

*Where weeds have tilted
the sidewalk, a fire
plug leans into its
perspective;
shape against shape
the street frees
from generality.*

*The leaves have wilted
now. Crisp as the air,
their lone adagio fits
the wind's directive;
like swirling crepe
they settle quietly
at the base of a tree.*

*I watch, halted
by a strong desire
for pirouettes,
finely attentive
of rust, the shapes
of leaves, the grey
monotony of sky.*

*Where weeds have tilted
the sidewalk, a fire
plug leans into its
perspective;
shape against shape
the street frees.*

-- John Judson

Waterville, Maine